

... SWEDISH EROTICA

48

SALE TO MINORS
PROHIBITED

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

FEATURING
Desiree
Cousteau

...and
Seka



ALL COLOR



28



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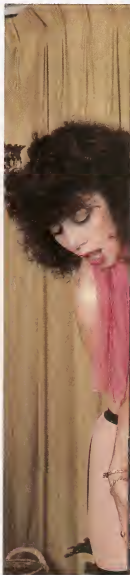
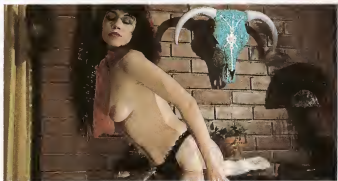
Tara and Seka are not the sort of gals who look at such pictures to give themselves a cheap thrill, then bring themselves off with their own sweet hands. No, they were getting into the mood, tuning themselves up for the entertainment to come that evening. Kevin and Mike, two of their favorite studs, were due to visit them that evening for some erotic tangling and the gals were letting their eyes send messages of passion to their pussies, so that the games would be well lubricated with their precious body fluids. Never a chance of a dry and difficult-to-penetrate cunt when either of these two lovely ladies is in

the mood. And thus it was that when Mike and Kevin entered the room the gals were more than willing to begin. There was nothing they wanted more than tightly muscled tongues of the male persuasion lapping away at them, hard cocks plumbing their ecstatic depths. The studs took one long look each at their partners for the evening, read magically the thoughts behind those fair faces and began stripping. No point in letting clothing get in the way of the entertainment.

Mike and Tara were first into action with Tara the aggressor. It took little persuading for her to get Mike

down on the floor, flat on his back. She didn't have to get his cock up to performing level because it was already there, rising to the occasion like a meat flagpole. At the sight of it Tara forgot all about the exercises she'd had in mind for Mike to perform on her. All she saw was this lovely cock, waiting to be used, waiting to be sucked and toyed with. She knew Mike well from previous encounters and in her subconscious mind realized that, no matter how totally she sucked him off, there would be enough left of him by the end of the evening for him to entertain her own innards royally. And even if he could







no longer get it up, which was an unheard of thing with Mike, he would still be able to lick her pussy until she was out of her mind with delight. And so her lips closed gently around Mike's trembling cock and she dipped her head, taking him in so deep that her lips nestled in the bush of hair around his cock while her dainty hands cupped his balls. Mike sighed, replete with pleasure and gave himself up to Tara's tender oral ministrations.

Meanwhile, Kevin and Seka were more than busy. They were less well known to each other than Tara and Mike so there was a brief introductory period while they sized each other up. Kevin knew that he was there to fuck the famous Seka, shove his hungry cock deep into one of the world's most famous cunts. But he knew, also, that Seka would be pleased by the performance he delivered. Kevin may not have had an international





up, although as a cocksman, as it's the men Seka fucked professionally, but he was built big and thick and he could keep fucking far longer than most ordinary men. So he caressed Seka's thighs until they were damp with the juices, then tickled there and he would gently rub her clit, feel it quaver and strain in response. Nor was Seka's

hands still. Her agile fingers were stroking his cocks, soaking it to the greatest possible hardness. She could feel the veins pulsing in his shaft, feel his cockhead swell against the palm of her hand. She responded instantly when he, knowing that the proper moment had come, applied gentle pressure to her shoulders and bent her forward at the waist.

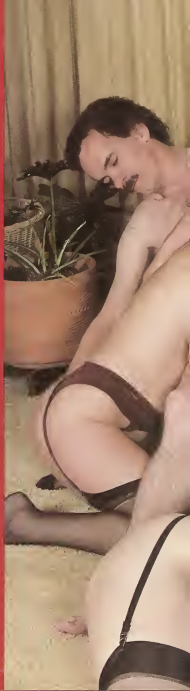




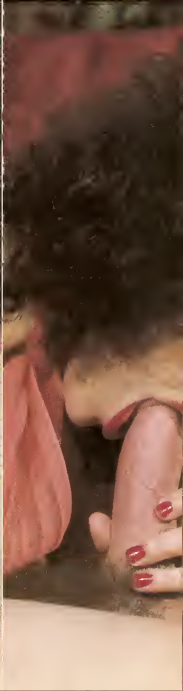


His cock slid into her as though trained craftsmen had forged both organs to match, to complement each other. Seika knew the moment that he drove the last millimeter in that this was a cock that fitted her. The walls of her cunt were snug around him, yet not stretched to any painful degree. It was fine to fuck the

supercocks for the cameras, the immense weapons that the great stars of the fuck film industry sported. But being fucked by them was business, not pleasure. With one or two Seika knew she would be sore for days after shooting a major scene, stretched all out of shape and unable to take pleasure with ordinary men. But it had





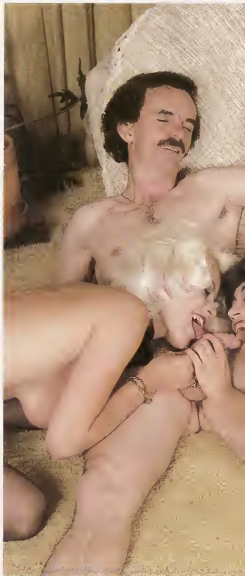






been weeks since her last film and her cunt was back to normal. Kevin's was the cock for her, something fine to sport with in an unprofessional moment. Now he was beginning to pump it in and out of her and she could feel the tensions coiling within,

crying to be released. There was a mighty orgasm building within her. She shuddered as she felt its explosive forces near the release point, then came simultaneously with Kevin, his spurting juices mingling deliciously with the liquid







fruits of her cunt.

Mike had already come twice through the enormously skilled efforts of Tara's mouth. He'd also switched positions with her for a while and tortured her clit with his own arrogant tongue until she writhed and moaned and begged him never to stop. It seemed that each time he ate her Mike did a better job. Men and women were supposed to get a bit bored with each other after protracted intimacy, but the thrills she received from him were hotter on each occasion. Maybe there was going to be more between them than just great fucking and sucking and pussy eating.

Now, however, was the time for all four of these magnificent creatures to join together in celebration of the pleasures of the flesh. Once more Mike was on his back and once more Tara had the cock she loved deep in her throat, coaxing it to another explosion of pleasure. Seka and Kevin, fucking, stood above them, or at least Kevin





the Seki was tall, slender, lithe, braced a sweet Mike's shoulders and, his dangling toward his face. Keen was holding her legs, as he jammed cock deep into her. They were soon under Seki. Off to play her anal games. Later, they might change positions, partners could be giving stimulation of just. ●







FILM #380 PERSONAL THERAPY

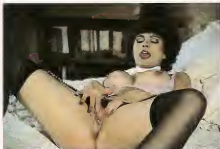


Michael had thought he was near to death when the illness struck. he'd opened

When his eyes in the whiteness of the hospital room, after passing out in his office, he'd assumed that this was Heaven and soon he would be hearing the angelic choir singing. It couldn't be the other place because the room was cool and no one was prodding him with a pitchfork. Then he'd passed out again and could remember nothing of the next few days. During that period nurses and doctors tended him, fought the disease and defeated it. They let him go home in a wheelchair a week later, a shadow of his former self, with the admonition that he would need full time nursing care until he was back on his feet.

A succession of nurses came and went as Michael mended and he considered them no more than machines who cared for him. Flesh machines, but impersonal nevertheless. He wondered at times, since they were female and he had always considered any female reasonably attractive,





if the long illness had robbed him of his manhood, rendered him forever impotent. He would watch the curve of a sensuous thigh, the swell of a juicy tit and try to imagine what it would feel like to have that thigh and the one opposite it wrapped around his waist while he and their owner struggled in lust. He drove his mind to visualize, personalize the sensations of a ripe tit in his mouth and his lips sucking, his tongue licking. Nothing. No twitch of life from the limpness resting between his legs. Even when one particularly attractive blond young nurse gave him a bed bath, washed his cock with her delicate soapy hands, nothing stirred within him but boredom. Deeper he sank into lethargy as his body healed and his skinny frame filled out again. He began to think of what he was going to do when the day came that he was free and the nurses withdrawn.







Would it be poison Pills? A gun? How could he live with his groinhood gone.

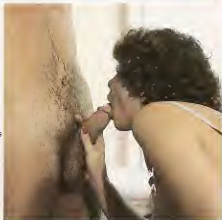
Nurse Desmaa, new on the job, was tending to Michael, read the reports of the previous nurses and considered their input. How could a young and supposedly virile man not have responded to soapy female hands on his pride and joy. What would a man like Michael do to himself with his virility gone? Was there something she could do, out of the goodness of her heart and in the spirit of the nursing profession, that would restore Michael to mental and physiological health. You bet there was. That man had not yet been born who was immune to Desmaa's persuasive charms. The next time she entered Michael's bedroom, to change his sheets, her blouse was opened low and there was her bra beneath it.





Michael's glazed expression of despair began to change as Desiree hovered over him, manipulating his naked body with assured strength. Intellectually, he was admiring her perfect form, so useless to him now. Then she bent forward and the edge of one nipple peeped from her blouse. His eyes locked on.

Was there interest beginning to show on his face? Was Michael's eye on her pert, erect nipple? Was that the first flicker of movement she noticed in his cock? Desiree wasn't certain, but she knew how to test his ability to respond. The cock had not been born yet that could resist the fierceness of her







lips. Desiree threw caution to the winds, bent her lovely head downward and applied her lips and tongue to Michael's sleeping cock, enclosed its softness in her mouth.

Even before Michael's

cock began to swell and stir she felt his trembling fingers easing their way into her blouse. A sharp thrill lanced through her as he found one nipple and began to caress it with his fingertips. A low groan of animal pleasure







broke from Michael as his cock finally quivered, swelled, began to fill her mouth with its warm life. For the first time in many weeks Michael was performing movements of his own volition. His hips were slowly rising up and down and his cock, suddenly fully erect, was sliding in and out of Desiree's tight lips.

She'd been planning merely to get him interested in life again, encourage Michael to leave his bed. Desiree had never intended to suck him off or fuck him. But his hand was full on her tit now and her mouth was thrilling to the masculinity that filled it. Now she could not stop. She was caught in the trap she had laid for Michael. She was fully aroused and she was even more so. No way was she going to stop until he had exploded and her mouth was filled with his cum.

Michael had been long deprived and his explosion was both sudden and exceedingly violent. The pent up cum of many weeks was stored within him and it burst out in a flood that battered Desiree's tonsils and almost choked her with its







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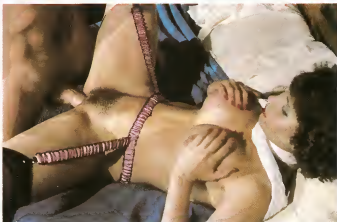
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magnitude. She'd sucked off many men in her life, but never a man who delivered for her the way Michael did. As she swallowed the flow she thought that this would be nourishment enough for several days and much of it high potency protein.

Now that he had been triggered back to life Michael was tireless. Like a flood the memory returned of all those bed baths, all those gentle female hands washing his ass, his balls and his cock. He wanted them all, each and every one of those lovely

nurses who had tended him. He could not have them for they were not there, but Desiree was and he would give to her all the loving he would have given all the others combined. All his old energies were flooding back to Michael and he was, for the moment, a satyr and not a man.

Wheezing his lust, he pushed Desiree over so that she was face down on the bed, ass in the air. Then he was in her from behind, pumping cock like a stoat until once again he erupted to fill her snatch until it ran over with cum.

Michael wanted to do more than fuck Desiree, more than pay there while she sucked the juices from him. He wanted to eat at the fountain of her femininity, lap the fluids of her cunt until they ran down his cheeks and dribbled off his chin. He shoved his face deep between her thighs, licking and lapping and slurping his delight while she shuddered in orgasm after orgasm.



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